

THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

VOLUME II—NUMBER 2

BETHEL, MAINE, NOVEMBER 3, 1943

PRICE FIVE CENTS

HUSKIES YET UNBEATEN

WILTON

An ever-improving Gould Academy football machine trampled an unexpectedly weak Wilton Academy eleven on the Alumni Field last Saturday by a score of 54-0.

While the echoes of the referee's whistle were still ringing in distant mountains, Gould started an avalanche of touchdowns that was to humble this Wilton team.

Jacobs started things rolling by making a touchdown on two successive off-tackle smashes. Then "Spike" Emery converted via a place kick. Two minutes later, "Ingy" Merrill, on a reverse, circled his left end, dodged through a flock of Wilton's players and ran 60 yards for a spectacular score. Al Emery's trusty toe again gave his team the extra point. Just before the first period ended, Merrill on a deceptive skinner, raced 35 yards after going through a huge hole in the Wilton forward wall and continued over for his second touchdown. Emery converted for the third consecutive time.

The second period started in the same manner as the first. A Wellington to Merrill reverse again started a Gould score. After "Ingy" had carried the ball from his 35 to his 20 yard line, Al Emery threw a pass to Packard who was in the clear, and Roy raced over untouched. Emery booted the pigskin over, which gave him four straight. Tom Jacobs fought his way from the 35 yard line to the 14 from where Merrill again carried the ball over to account for the Huskies' fifth score. Emery ran his string to five straight on the following play. A highlight of the game occurred as Gould lined up in punt formation with the ball coming to Merrill, who ran instead of kicked, and, behind excellent blocking, raced 75 yards for his fourth touchown of the game. For the first time, Emery missed the attempted placement. An Emery to Packard pass, which netted 75 yards, provided a thrill for the scattered football fans. Again Al Emery missed the point-after. The game ended in orderly fashion as Phil Heathcote smashed off tackle for a 15 yard gain and a touchdown. Merrill rushed over for the extra point. The outstanding ground gainers were: Merrill, Jacobs of Gould and Coulik

SOUTH PARIS

The Gould Huskies carried too much power for South Paris in their first meeting of the season. On the first play after the kick-off, Tom Jacobs raced 55 yards for a Gould score. Then the tornado struck and before the smoke had risen, the Blue and Gold boys had gathered four touchdowns. The leading scorer was Jacobs with two touchdowns, while Merrill and Tillson had one each.

NORWAY

At Norway the Gould second team had a chance to show its ability. They held the Norway eleven on even terms throughout the first quarter. Then the first team took over. Packard scored two touchdowns on pass from Al Emery. Merrill and Emery both got touchdowns with Tillson scoring the only Gould point-after by rushing.

of Wilton. Berry did some exceptional blocking, while Reid was a tower on the defense. Although the game was featured by long runs, it was a real team victory.

The lineups:

WILTON

Lothrop, le
Paling, lt
Bumk, lg
Cook, c
Adams, rg
Brooks, rt
Scott, re
R. Wells, qb
Morrison, lhb
Farnum, rhb
Coulik, fb

Gould subs: F. Bennett, D. Brooks, Parsons, Lawry, Sturgis, S. Winter, Gould, D. Walker, S. Emery, Tillson, Dorion, Bryant, Ambler, Melcher, Heathcote, Wellington, Hays, Norwood, Stevens, J. Winters.

Wilton subs: V. Wells, Watson, Merchant, Gould, Gilliespie, R. Franchetti, V. Franchetti, Fliss.

Score by quarters:

Gould	21	7	13	13	54
Wilton	0	0	0	0	0

Touchdowns: Merrill 4, Packard 2, Heathcote, Jacobs.

Points after: Emery 5 (place kick), Merrill (rushing).

Referee: Bornstein. Umpire: Melvin. Headlinesman: Topping.

GOULD

Packard, le
Gilman, lt
A. Bennett, lg
Reid, c
Walker, rg
Davis, rt
Sanborn, re
Merrill, qb
Jacobs, lhb
Berry, rhb
Emery, fb



After seventeen years of faithful service on the staff of Gould Academy, Miss Margery Bailey has resigned to take a position as mathematics teacher in Danbury High School.

During her administration, Miss Bailey instructed us in mathematics, history, social science and for several years did an excellent job as dean of girls.

Before leaving Miss Bailey was honored at several occasions, including a small supper party given by Miss Griggs, and a tea on Sunday afternoon at the home of Mrs. F. E. Hanscom. She was guest of honor at the Sunday evening coffee hour at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Ireland.

Clayton Fossett, on behalf of the faculty, presented her with a traveling bag. Accompanying it was this letter:

"Miss Bailey—

"When the faculty learned that you were going to Connecticut, we immediately appointed a committee to investigate your welfare in that state.

"We learned that two of your favorite hobbies are trout fishing and rose growing. These activities in mind, we contacted the Executive Mansion at Hartford, and received a reply to this effect:—

"Your roses will be just as colorful and fully as fragrant in your garden at Dexter as anywhere in Connecticut. In regard to your trout fishing, there are no streams in Connecticut. They are rivers—so labeled in capital letters by the good people of our state. They range in width from four to six inches."

"They were slightly bewildered by the term trout, but they assure you that their streams are well



Mr. Edmond J. Vachon, who has been Senior Master at Gould Academy since 1941, will report at Fort Devens this Friday to be assigned a location for basic training in the Army. Since Mr. Vachon has known that he would be drafted some time this year since as early as last spring, the school has been able to prepare for his absence. Even so, the popular French teacher will be sorely missed about the campus after this week.

Mr. Vachon is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire and the former headmaster of a Vermont high school. Since his coming to Gould Academy in the fall of 1940, he has taught French here and the following year took over the duties of Senior Master and vocational guidance director. During his summers he has taught at the University of Vermont summer school as well as making tours of New England as field representative for Gould, showing his own colored movies of life at the Academy.

Mr. Vachon will be a private until he has completed his basic training. At that point he hopes to attain a commission on his merits as a language teacher. The students and faculty of Gould Academy sincerely wish Mr. Vachon the best of luck in his new position in the service of our country.

stocked with pollywogs and eels.

"In appreciation of your years at Gould, the faculty family wishes to present you with this traveling bag. We hope you will use it to return to us each summer where you may raise roses and fish to your heart's content."

THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

Established October 28, 1942

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EDITORIAL

THE CLASS OF '43 IN SERVICE

It is with some sadness and with great pride that we may look upon the new alumni of Gould Academy. As the school honor roll of men in service has doubled and tripled itself in the past few years, we have become increasingly aware of the fact that the boys in this school are no longer preparing themselves for going to college, becoming lawyers, architects, teachers, and journalists; all of that is just a vague dream to be referred to "If the War is over before I am eighteen." Instead, as in the cases of numerous members of our class of '43, events formed themselves into epochs as the months sped into years and that eighteenth birthday grew nearer: France fell; America awakened; Japan attacked; rationing began; service uniforms became a common sight on the streets of the nation. And now the football hero of twelve short months ago, together with the actor in last year's Senior Play and the reporter who once filled these very columns, is in military training somewhere on the vast map of the United States. Indeed, some of his classmates will soon be at grips with the enemy on the seas and the battlefields of the war-torn globe.

These fighting men who were our school companions just a few months ago are returning to us one by one now for brief visits before they are sent on in their adventure. It seems incredible to us to see them in those strange uniforms and wild haircuts. Perhaps it's the boy who used to sit beside us at Glee Club rehearsals, the lad that neared a twenty-foot broadjump at a trackmeet last spring, the scholar that always knew the answers in our history class, or the handsome ski champion we used to go steady with. And there he is, smiling the same smile that made him our best friend. Only now he is wearing sailor togs or brass buttons, and he knows about guns, airplane dashboards, munition trucks, or submarine detectors. He has joined the long line of Gould alumni who are fighting our war and not whimpering about it.

This strange reunion with a young man who only last June was a frivolous fellow student and is now a soldier or sailor ready to be sent across is likely to make us stop and think seriously of the world we are going to face when it comes our turn. And that turn is not so distant as it was last year or the year before. For the older boys it has almost arrived. They, who know nothing about the horrors of war now, may very logically be the ones who will supply the fresh vigor of American youth that will win for us the final victory which is now looming on the horizon.

Let us take pride in last year's senior class and in those that shall soon follow.

Old Anon

VISITS MR. THOMPSON'S ENGLISH CLASS

Forewarned only by vague hints of unknown horrors said to have transpired in Mr. Thompson's English classes, the new student, with his notebook under one arm and the other ready to unsheath his trusty machete at the least provocation of danger, tiptoes warily into room 104 on the first day of school. He slides into the seat nearest the door, his senses alert, his keen eyes scanning the room for signs of danger.

The well-dressed and somewhat abbreviated gentleman in the far corner gnawing at the window-sill is the teacher, Mr. Thompson. It is now generally believed that Mr. Thompson is a retired circus master who somehow gained an excellent background in English and has taken to teaching. At any rate, where he came from is the least of the student's worries.

As the other pupils file into class our novice notices that they are just the ones he has singled out among his classmates as being "queer." He wonders what portent there may be in this coincidence. Nothing unusual seems to happen though, and he begins to feel somewhat more comfortable in the seemingly placid atmosphere of the classroom.

And then class starts.

Every jaw drops open and every cheek becomes pallid as Mr. Thompson, in his usual high spirits, hops up onto the desk-top and issues his first incomprehensible orders. The pupils are instructed to rotate on their hootnannies, fold their papers down their spinal caloscuses, and produce a large quantity of hush. Of course, even the old-timers in the room have not yet mastered the translation of all these expressions from East Egyptian.

But it does not matter, for now Mr. Thompson is squatting over his victrola at the back of the room. In a moment the voice of John Barrymore is shrieking its vengeance up and down the halls of Gould Academy. Mr. Fortier's sulfur fumes are blown out the lab window, and Miss Bailey crouches in terror beneath her desk in the room above. This phase of the recitation is brought to an abrupt end by a consensus of opinion from every room in Hanscom Hall.

Undaunted, the teacher next gives his assignment: to work an hour on a theme based on the significance of lamp shades in a post-war world. In class tomorrow he will act out a burlesque on each of these. Since this calls for inspiration, Mr. Thompson then reads Jabberwocky, his favorite selection from the English poets, and is halted amid the slithy toves when the bell rings.

As the students climb onto their

BUILD

Last night I reread a booklet that was published during my first month as headmaster of Gould. On it in the handwriting of a recent graduate, was the word "build." Is there any better single word to express the purpose of a school?

It makes no difference what you do or where you go—whatever you are building into your character and mind each day will determine what you are to be tomorrow. Whether it may be a larger vocabulary, a finer project in the shop, a more erect posture, a better understanding of your environment or a keener appreciation of the arts, all must be builded, step by step. Do you know of a better time and place than here and now?

E. F. Ireland

SCIENCE CLUB

On Monday night the Gould Academy Science Club held its fourth meeting of the year. After a short business meeting, an excellent talk and demonstration on the toning of photographs was given by Robert Foster. Using a large assortment of pans and bottles of various ready mixed and home mixed chemicals, he showed how to obtain those tones of blue, especially effective in water and snow scenes, sepia and buff used in wood, desert and scenes including humans, and the rich brown used in rotogravure sections of newspapers. By mixing certain of these processes we found that some very peculiar colors can be made. This talk was supplemented by pictures previously made, showing the effects possible and undesirable in toning photographs.

brooms and fly out of the room, we see that the English class is concluded. But there will be another tomorrow, and the next day, and so on into the years. Mr. Thompson will continue to guide his students along the cultured paths of literature and grammar. Is he not a true shepherd among his flock, a shining beacon in a sea of prozaic English classes? See what his classes have already accomplished at Gould: Stan Howard is planning to play Lady Macbeth on Broadway; Patsy Duncan has contracted a southern accent, Susie Delatour has reverted to speaking the French language, and Alonzo Stevens is thinking of joining the Foreign Legion. Indeed, in a few years it is doubtless that a number of his students will be well equipped for joining the WACs.

And so we leave the beloved master of room 104. His head is inclined in that familiar thoughtful position: "What on earth will the significance of lamp shades be in a post-war world?"

WILLIAM ROGERS CHAPMAN CLUB CONCERT

The concert to be presented by the members of the William Rogers Chapman Club Friday night at eight o'clock is eagerly awaited by all the students. The speaker for the evening, Mr. Seldon Crafts, Director of Music at Bates College, will probably be able to tell many interesting details about William Rogers Chapman.

The program will start off with the lively Waldorf Astoria March, played by the orchestra, also other numbers by the orchestra will follow. Talented Shirley Reid will play a violin solo, which promises to be very good, from what we hear about her playing. If you haven't heard—Laurel Clements play now is your chance.

An excellent brass sextet, consisting of Anne Aldrich, Carol Robertson, Gil LeClair, Stan Davis, Donald Brooks, and Hiram Berry will entertain us. There will be a flute and clarinet duet by Phyllis Tebbets and Priscilla Carver, which should be enjoyed by all.

Who doesn't enjoy a melodious voice of Priscilla Goggins? She will sing a song, "A Song of Life." The solo of Mr. Ireland is something also eagerly anticipated.

The selection by the double mixed quartet will be entertaining and excellently given, we know. Remember folks, next Friday evening!

The success of the concert, of course, will be due to Miss Griggs' coaching and demand for high standards in music, all of her musical presentations thus far have been excellent. We know now that if Miss Griggs is directing it, it's surely bound to be good.

Camera Club

Last year the Camera Club was well attended by all. Meetings were held both in the Lecture Room and in Holden Hall. There will probably be meetings there this year too, for one of the greatest accomplishments of the Club was the building the Holden Hall dark room. It is fully equipped—very interesting and very successful.

This year there are thirty-eight members. The meetings will be held every Friday. During the course of their school year there will be a number of displays by members of the club and by outsiders. A contest of great interest in which all can participate will be held. Demonstrations will be given by Mr. Foster who is the head of the club.

Mr. Foster will continue the photographic course he gave last year which includes developing, printing, toning, enlarging, copying, and mounting.

The election of officers will be held next week. Good luck to you Camera Friends!

A. A. Council Party

For the last few years it has been the custom of the Girls' A. A. Council to give a party in the early fall. This party has always been one of the highlights of the social life at Gould and although former parties were a big success this one of October 15, topped them all.

It has usually been the custom to dress as farmers in our oldest clothes, but this year a new idea was tried, that of dressing as four year old children. There were many wonderful costumes among the student body and also in the faculty. The first half hour of the party was spent laughing at each other's child-like appearances. After getting our fill of humorous wearing apparel we started in on the many fine games that were set up for our amusement. The games were of various types, requiring skill of all kinds—such as identifying spices by smell, naming songs, pitching cards, pinning the tail on the donkey, and so on. These activities were based on the point system, with the person having the highest number of points winning. The winners were Ken McInnis for the boys, and a tie between Nancy Ann Richmond and Barbara Brown for the girls.

The highlights of this gala festival were the skits, cleverly put on by each class. The Freshmen skit was first, and was based upon a dramatic song. The climax came when the audience thought rotten eggs were being thrown at them, and only the shells appeared.

The Sophomore skit was a take off on "The Highwayman," with big Hollie Sturgis riding to fame as the hero, and Marie White playing her finest role on the legitimate stage as Bess, the Bartender's Daughter, whose love was undying to the end. The whole thing was a humorous tragedy, and very well done by the Sophomores.

The Juniors portrayed what really goes on at Doctor Lawrence's office after school. The victim of the play was Red Sandborn, who came out of the treatment by Doctor (Bob Foster) Lawrence, and remained a complete wreck. This drama of real life came close to winning the prize.

The Senior skit showed the dignified seniors in a take-off of the draft board at it's best, written and directed by Hi Berry and Stan Davis. The climax of the play came when the A-1 builder, also built by Berry and Davis was used with some success upon Stub Arnold. Most of the characters of the skit were portrayed by the people themselves, and it was good enough to win the prize. Nice going, seniors!

With the theatrics over and everyone hoarse with laughter, cider and doughnuts were much

Dramatic Club

December 10th is the big night! You remember the three one act play masterpieces last year. Well, those that are coming up, are going to be even better. There is a second "The Valiant" which will, I think imprint itself upon your mind as did the first one.

The "Under Dog" has a cast of top players. The inimitable "Red" Sanborn has the part of "Harry Belden," an ex-convict. Beatrice his young wife, is played by Ruth Marriner, and very capably so. "Edey Morey," is portrayed by Gould's own bad man, Jim Reid. Mrs. Williams, an elderly Irish woman is played by Anne Litchard. Where oh where, did you pick up that accent and that language? Last but not least Lendell Nevens points the long finger of the law in the part of the police man.

"His Blue Serge Suit" is an action packed comedy, which is sure to keep the audience in one long and constant giggle. Eva Lawry is "Nancy Cordes," the giddy young wife of Tommy Jacobs alias "Howard Cordes." Roger Gould is Lenox Starr, the serious brother of Nancy. The janitor, the trash-man and the ice man are artistically and professionally played by Stan Davis, Alfred Emery, and Alonzo Stevens, respectively. This is a play not to be missed!

"The Rehearsal" is a rip-roaring comedy of six girls who try to put on a play. To make matters worse, it is an Irish play, and I for one cannot make my Irish brogue sound very convincing. Betty Burton makes a super colossal boss—so authoritative! Dedi is simply Dedi. Indignant, and well—just the Dedi that no one else can be. You'll just have to wait and see what I mean. Marie White plays "Norah" wonderfully well. Ask her to teach you to "keen" sometime. Susie Delatour is so English, we almost have to call her Lady something. That's O. K. Susie, your doing a swell job. Barbara Doyle is a second Helen Hayes, well almost. But seriously kids wait until you see her. Strange, but she can't seem to smoke a pipe. The play's goody-goody is Nancy Ann Richmond. Is it possible?

Now, you've heard in brief, about the plays. So it is up to you to come and see for yourselves, whether I am right or not, when I say they are three grand plays.

appreciated. After these refreshments, everyone went home agreeing that they had had the time of their lives. We all want to thank Miss Newman and her efficient council for a decidedly different and much enjoyed party.

Lt. Chivers Returns on Leave

In the fall of 1940 as Freshmen the present senior class struggled in for English lessons far less dignified than today. The first day, they were on time. The reason for being so prompt was that they had heard about the new English teacher, Howard Chivers, and naturally wished to cast their eyes upon him. He looked like the athlete he proved to be.

During his two years here he taught the class of '44 much about "The Tale of Two Cities" and the Maine Side Hill Gougers. Of course his teachings were appreciated (?) by the students but better still was the way he taught amateurs to do the straddle vault on skis and coached the team to far above the top.

As today's Seniors started their junior year it was learned that Gould had lost a teacher and Uncle Sam had gained a sailor. To Gould he was much more than just another gob and proved to be more than that in the United States Navy as now he is Lt. J. G.

Not once has Gould forgotten Mr. Chivers and felt honored to think he hasn't forgotten them and spent a few days of his leave here. To recall old times a party was held in the boys' dorm Friday evening. All the students who knew him were invited. Here for nearly an hour students visited with him and learned from Capt. Al and the team how Gould would treat Wilton the following day. Many thanks go to Dodo, Dot, Peg, and Nancy Ann for helping make the party a success with their coffee and cookies.

To Lt. Chivers is wished the best and hopes are that he soon will be back teaching the students of Gould to interpret Shakespeare as they ski down the rough slopes of Maine and New Hampshire.

Army Caravan

For about an hour last Friday morning Alumni Field was magically transferred to a military parade-ground for the Army Caravan crusading for pulpwood. The 150 picked troops and officers made a short stop here on their way to Berlin in the drive to greatly further the pulpwood production of the North.

The entire school was dismissed at nine o'clock Friday morning to see the dozen gray trucks and other vehicles unloading infantry along Church Street. The brass band marched and played several numbers while the troops paraded the field. Short addresses were delivered to the students and mill workers of Bethel over the portable broadcaster by each of four wounded veterans.

THOSE OUTSTANDING AMONG US

Sparkling big brown eyes, a charming smile, and an abundance of friends is without question—Carol Robertson.

When Carol entered the Academy as a Freshman, she was outstanding for her looks and personality, but each year she's added something to her credit.

Last year, we all noticed her attractive hair, which was turning "red", but also the length which won her the honor of being a Carnival Queen's Attendant.

This year she holds the honor of being President of the William Rogers Chapman Club, which alone is a restricted organization to belong to. CONGRATULATIONS!—Also Carol has the title of being Manager in Varsity Glee Club plus being an outstanding supporter of the trumpet section in the band.

This little girl besides walking off with prizes for her personality and charms also has many aims for nursing at the Central Maine General, and is keeping on the privilege list.

One could write on continuously about Carol, but it isn't necessary, because you all know her anyway, or where she lives.

Keep on being the Carol you are now, and you'll always be tops.

You can name many outstanding fellows in the senior class, but one in particular all round, scholastically and an excellent athlete, of course, is Jim Reid. No one else fits, do they?

Jim started off with a bang when he came here his sophomore year, by being President of the sophomore class.

If you can catch a glimpse of some blonde curls, and about 155 pounds coming at you, and a few frank remarks, there's Jim.

At Gould, one of the main stays of our football team is Jim as center. You've done a swell job, Jim, and it looks like improvement to us. We'll all be looking for you in the Spring out on left field, in your monkey suit, and this winter as a guard on the future champion class team. We won't forget Jim's skiing ability which is about tops and due for many prizes.

However, his interests here aren't confined to sports, waiting on, women, (although he seems much more interested in one in particular than he ever was before) or studies is proven by the fact that he was elected President of the senior class. Good Work!—

We'll be seeing some action soon by Jim in the "Under Dog," whose character resembles Alan Ladd. Better witch out, Jim!

Seeing Jim's destined for the Army Air Corps, we wish him all the luck in the world, and we all know he'll be a success.

Holden Hall Harlequinade

Don't believe this if you don't care to, but it has finally happened! Yes, at last we have found two cousins, you could never tell by their appearance. They really are, and they get along beautifully together. Just ask Mr. Clunie (Am I kidding?)

Poor Heathcote! He is certainly the victim of circumstances. Out of all the boys in the dorm who take typing around twenty want to borrow his typewriter every night. However, R. Stetson has a monopoly on it in the morning. He spends so much time eating during study hours he doesn't have time to study at night.

We shall now say a short prayer for dorm-master Emery, who with a broad smile took over the duty of managing dear old Holden while the teachers went to Mr. Vachon's party. Evidently not too much happened, since Al could still walk, and everyone's blood was in the right vessel when Mr. Fossett returned. Need we add that Emery had the assistance of capable Reid and Gilman?

The noticeable effects of the Freshman Reception were slight except for the irregular entrances at breakfast Sunday morning.

Jolly old Anderson with the British accent spent seventy-five per cent of his time last week in his room. I don't mean studying. He dusting and mopping all over the place. Evidently he hadn't passed inspection the preceding Saturday.

Something leads me to believe that W. Moore will have some visitors in the "butt" room directly at the end of the football season. Could it be that some of the fellows are already writing home for their smoking permissions? Could be.

The "Joes" are back again. They have some new members, but they still have the same ideals. From now on for a perfect example of the way a student should behave at Gould watch these worthy gentlemen. As you know Ian Watson and David Holmes were in our midst last weekend. They helped immensely with the organization of the "Joes."

Stump Arnold and Denet have been getting quite chummy lately. Stump is king of the second hall and Denet is the guardian of that wriggling mass of Freshmen in the lower corridor.

We have absolutely no idea who the Mad Poet is but if he doesn't stop some whistling in the dark we are going to have to take his "Wizard of Oz" series away from him and throw it down our chute, which has been nearly torn out of the wall by irresponsible young chaps. That certainly covers a lot of territory.

Goings-On at Gehring

Hello again guys and gals:

Gehring Hall is continuing to be a—shall I say "interesting" home. Something is always happening. For instance—I was just getting Mildred settled for the night when blink—out went the lights. Yep—the blackout. We scampered down the stairs and settled ourselves in a nice comfortable ski harness just as herds of girls descended from "study hours." Miss Bailey thoroughly enjoyed it all and so did Joyce Chipman on her lap. Why, she even gave up her sweater when the temperature went down a degree! At last it was over, and I really expected calm tranquility then, but NO, I just arrived up on second to find—that's right—Lee and Laurel ready to sleep on the hall floor. Really girls, even Mildred knows better than to lock herself out.

What peace, what blessed silence with most of the seniors up Mt. Washington! I hear Mary Lou Bradley had quite a trip climbing the mountain on all fours. Oh well, your still loved Mary Lou and I guess you always will be so long as you continue to dress third hall from your wardrobe. I do wish you'd keep a few clothes out of Mildred's sight, though. Oh how she loves them!

Boy, I'll never see everything, I guess! Honestly, calling up Frank Sinatra and for "Pistol Packin' Mama" too, tch, tch! And you might guess, Janice Dyer was in there swooning with the best of them. Frankie's not the only one she swoons for either!

I just love to see you girls get along well together and Laurel, Peg and Bonnie certainly ought to with all they've had in common. Guess Bonnie's got it all now, though.

Brown, yellow, red—is there any color third hall doesn't produce for hair. Bobbie's takes the cake so far, though. What'll be next week, Bobbie?

The Freshman Reception was quite a success, although things were quite a mess a week before time. But not only conversations tell me a certain tiny pair of silver skis and a lost gold earring are perfect evidence, aren't they Burt and Nancy Anne?

Next time he comes, tell your father to have the tests at Maine, Janice. Then everyone will really welcome him. He caused some pretty downcast looks for a couple of days.

Now I'm sure history repeats itself. Football's number 12 is calling the D.O.T. special again.

Gehring Hall is certainly being turned into a saleswoman's paradise. All I hear and see are offers of services—for pay. Litch

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

As the girls skipped merrily in from Berlin and the ski hill and the boys stumbled in from Norway, everyone was in the "happy-go-lucky" mood, previous to the dance.

Tripping the light fantastic over at the gymnasium on that fateful night, we found ourselves in another world. The walls were decorated appropriately in green, white, and various other colors. We were in an "under-the-sea" paradise, with fishes and bubbles adorning the surroundings, from which seaweed dangled. Someone's idea, that beneath the sea is very dark, was delightfully shattered.

The Reception started on time (surprise) with the receiving line and the grand march. After the formalities had been cast aside, everyone began a mad rush to exchange dances. Before one had a chance to rest his weary state of mind, he found himself with an evening completely planned!

Ronnie Chase (and his Hawaiians) strummed away on the enchantment of "Paper Doll," while one might have to imagine that Frank Sinatra had made an appearance, they did a marvelous job on that song.

Dancing in and weaving out between the couples, we would see someone suddenly push themselves from their "suitor" and out of nowhere a teacher would emerge.

Now and then, we would see a person searching intently for their partner, we would analyze the case as that of "Jitterbug blues."

The only exciting event of the evening occurred at the arrival of Mr. Clunie's son. He's plenty to be proud of, Mr. Clunie.

And now we have memoirs of the dance in those revealing pictures taken so graciously by Mr. Foster. Let's hope that they remain memoirs instead of "Exhibit A" against dancing "cheek to cheek."

I'll leave that walk home to your imagination, but Miss Smith is still trying to find out why someone's earring should be left down on the athletic field!

As the day progressed into the "wee" hours of the morning, one by one, every girl finally stopped reminiscing, long enough to sleep until that beloved bell would ring it's toll.

really can wash socks, and oh what shiny shoes Lee turns forth. Laurel's white bows are lovely, and Chaffee can do most everything. But be careful kids, they want money!

It's getting cold kids. Winter's most here. And it certainly will be "Sum Winter" when Susie Delatour can ski.

Mildred wants some cheese so,

So long for now,

Merton

Town Topics

Christian Hill—

Miss Carol Robertson visited friends in Rumford last week end. Hiram Berry spent last week end with friends on upper Main Street.

Main Street—

Glendon McAlister of the United States Navy who is attending Harvard has been visiting Gilbert LeClair while on a week's leave.

I have just received a special bulletin from Mr. Harry Cohen that Donald Brooks actually practiced his music lesson last week. It seems that the shock was so great that Mr. Cohen was forced to take a trip to Boston for a few days in which to recover.

Elm Street—

Miss Elizabeth Lowel more commonly known as Eppie, who has recently entered the employment of the Bethel Theater, is doing splendid work. Good luck Eppie.

On the corner of Main and Elm last Saturday night a very tragic happening came about. While eating Mrs. Robertson's garbage a certain Jerry skunk met with a 22 bullet which happened to be passing his way. Although it was appreciated by neither the skunk or the people passing by, it is believed that no more garbage will be consumed.

Congratulations—

To Jackie Marfarlane and Larry.

Clement on making the privilege list their first six weeks at Gould. Notice—

There will be a weekly meeting of the Lonely Hearts club next Tuesday evening after the movies at the usual place. Please arrange to pay all back dues.

Sports—

The men teachers of Gould have been doing a fine job shooting deer in pairs, but we have a lad that got one single handed. Three cheers for Ed Little.

I think that a lot of the students learned a lot of things that they didn't know before at the rally last Friday night. By the look on the faces of some of us we really didn't know what football was all about before.

In the Service—

Clayton Swett and Robert Kellogg, both formerly of Gould, have recently entered the U. S. Navy.

Hugh Scarborough, who graduated last year, has passed his examination and expects to leave shortly for the Army Air Corps. Specials—

As I was walking down street after the Freshman Reception, I heard a terrific noise some distance away. Suddenly before I could get out of the way, Francis Gilman came running (or maybe flying) down the street. I was told later on that he just made it back to the dorm. I wonder what kept him so long after the dance?

BOOKS "AS YOU LIKE UM"

"Out of the Night," Third Hall
"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," Before Marks

"\$1000 A Touchdown," Tommy Jacobs

"Carefree," Barbara Doyle
"The Red-Headed Woman," Barbara Corson

"How to Win Friends and Influence People," Doris Givan
"Some Like It Hot," Red Sanborn

"Our Leading Citizen," Bill Melcher

"First Offenders," Mary Lou Bradley and Priscilla Goggin

"It's a Wonderful World," Christmas Vacation

"Webster's Dictionary," Roger Gould

"Wings on My Feet," Bonny Donnelly.

"Wind Swept," Laurel Clements
"Far From the Madding Crowd," Gould Academy

"All This and Heaven Too," Apple Pie

"It Can't Happen Here," Cheek to Cheek Dancing

"Song of the Lark," Priscilla Goggin

Sold to the Ladies," Ralph Stetson

"Exit Laughing," Mr. Fossett's English Classes

"The Deerslayer," Mr. Clunie and Mr. Myers

"Victory," Gould Academy Football Team

"The Keys of the Kingdom," The Honor Roll

"On the Bottom," The Freshmen

"The Lure of the Labrador Wild," Roy Packard

"Victory Through Air Power," Bill Swasey, Jim Reid, Hiram Berry, Stan Davis

"Trending into Maine," Doris Mann

"Conversation at Midnight," Second Hall

"The Call of the Wild," Calling Hours

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